

# Kanowitch advocates meeting

by Gabriel Sheeran

Medium II Staff Reporter

At an emergency meeting on Saturday, the Ontario Federation of Students (OFS) agreed to hold study sessions and to meet with Cabinet Minister James Auld to discuss problems concerning the Ontario Student Awards Plan.

The meeting, attended by representatives of 11 out of 18 member colleges and universities in Ontario, decided on these proposals and plans:

Agreement on outlining some sort of OFS policy on matters of

prime concern. These are the increases in sizes of classes and in residence fees, and the decrease of quality of learning due to the cutbacks in teaching staff;

Rejection of mass demonstration at Queen's Park in March. The main drawback in the decision-making was that a demonstration held two years ago ended up with only 600 students in support;

Agreement that immediate pressure was necessary on OSAP;

Rejection on meeting with the Colleges and Universities Minister Auld, as efforts to meet with him have been fruitless since last November. This meeting, advocated by Seymour Kanowitch, president of SAC, was partly rejected also because of recent vain attempts to meet with other Cabinet Ministers, notably former Consumer Relations Minister John Clement on the Bill 146 issue.

The first study session will be held on May 8-9 at Brock University in St. Catharines.



S.A.C. President, Seymour Kanowitch

Plus  
ca  
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# medium II

plus c'est  
la meme  
chose

Vol. 1 No. 18

At Erindale College of the University of Toronto

Feb. 13, 1975

## Lavelle is the man for the job

by Tom Maloney

Medium II Sports Editor

Erindale's first basketball team on the O.U.A.A. level, whether within the league or on an exhibition basis, will be on a one year trial basis. The jurors will include the members of the O.U.A.A.'s governing council, the Athletic Directorate of the University of Toronto, the Mississauga community, and present and future students of Erindale. The team will have to prove their case effectively, or be put away for a long time.

Mike Lavelle, officially known

as the Director of Housing at Erindale, will have the challenging task of leading Erindale's entry into and hopefully through that first year trial. There could be no better man for the coaching job.

Says Archie French, longtime friend of Lavelle, "He's the best basketball coach in this country on the college level. His ultimate aim is to have the game played as it should be played. He treats his players as human beings and that is why he gets results."

He does indeed rank among the best in this writer's opinion, but what is opinion without factual support? Lavelle coached high school basketball for a total of twelve years in the Toronto area, breaking into the field at St. Mike's and continuing on to Don

Continued on Page 6.

Mike Lavelle  
The best college basketball coach

## A close race

by Larry Pach

Medium II Staff Reporter

Erindale probably just went through the closest election race in its short history. In the by-election for S.A.G.E., vice-president held last week, a total of 149 votes were cast, 78 going to Neil Sherman, 71 going to Ray Pidzamechy.

General feeling among Erindale students seemed to be: "Election? What election?"

As a matter of fact, when asked about his feelings on the outcome of the election, Neil Sherman replied that, "The turnout was normal for Erindale. We (S.A.G.E.) only wanted to get the election over as soon as possible so we could get the work started."

Well, S.A.G.E.'s original sentiments came true. The election was over as soon as possible. But if this turnout is any indication of the turnout to come in the upcoming annual elections, Erindale will be in for trouble next year.

## Graduate Students' Association

by Heidi Putzer

Medium II Staff Reporter

At the Erindale College Council meeting held Monday, the members of the working council of the Graduate Students Union submitted a proposal requesting the use of the now practically vacant Coleman House. There will be no infringement to the present users, namely Radio Erindale. The proposal was referred to the Executive Council and their decision will be announced at the next E.C.C. meeting in about three or four weeks.

Meanwhile, the grads are hard at work drafting a proposal for the creation of some graduate student residence facilities at Erindale, when the new residences are built.

Mike Lavelle, Director of Student Housing, stated that as yet, no plans had been made, but that a block could be set aside for grad students.

## Climax jazz band entertains a lucky few



The climax crowd at Erindale.

by Don Pascoe

Medium II Staff Reporter

On Friday, February 7, roughly 200 people were fortunate to hear the classic Climax Jazz Band at a semi-formal dance in the South Building cafeteria.

Decorated with orange and yellow streamers to the four (count 'em) New Orleans posters, the west end of the cafeteria was filled with people who probably got the social bargain of the year. A live, internationally recognized (New Orleans Jazz Society magazine 2nd Liner, International Musicians Union mag Musician) jazz band, a buffet supper of salad and cold cuts and cheap booze at the bar. Now dash, you idiots who didn't go, where are you going to get live music and lots for \$5.00? Some of you are going to pay that much for transportation and parking fees just to get to the Old Bavaria where the Climax plays every night.

The band liked Erindale and its people and were not afraid to say so. They even titled their closer the "Erindale College Folk Song" which sounded suspiciously like "When the Saints Go Marching In".

The band was in fine form playing such goldies as "Good Bye Donny Grey", "Look Down That Lonesome Road", "Tishalenga Blue" and music to masticate by, "My Gal Sal". Their set closer was that old mover "Jamm Blues". The joint was jumping, let me tell you.

Bruce Bakewell, Clarinet, (from 14A-15) gave me the names of the personnel. Mike Walmsley was on guitar-banjo, Bruce of course on clarinet, trumpet, Ken Dean, Jeff Holmes on trombone (an original since March, 1971), Chris Daniels on bass, Al Meyers on drums.

The following people were among the notables in the audience. At a table of S.A.G.E. people were Brian Casey and Cyd Mearns, Sandy Mattice and that famous rabble rouser of yore, Paul Homsey. Also present was Mr. President, Art Birkenbergs and Mia Askaris, Hugh Carson and Mallory Moxon. The dignitaries of the faculty included Dr. and Mrs. Jerome Melbye, Vice-Provost Robin and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Dequitis, Dr. Gary Filion, Kurt Blankenstein and that famous researcher-photographer, David Blakey.

## French: A necessity for Canadians

### La Maison Francaise: A dream or a reality?

by Marcia Bain

Medium II Staff Reporter

Erindale's French Department is planning a French House to serve as residence and French cultural centre.

"French is no longer just a cultural factor in the education of Canadians but is becoming a practical necessity for any Canadian if he is to participate fully in life in Canada," stated M. Weinberg Friday. The possibility of Bill 22 coming into effect should increase the interest of students in Erindale's new project—La Maison Francaise.

After three years of struggling, September 1976 has been projected as a target date for the commencement of the French House. This will serve as residence for twenty students keenly interested in French. One room in Coleman House will serve as a meeting place, in the proposed plans, and a cultural centre for the College hosting a variety of cultural and educational programs dealing with France and Quebec. These programs will include films, speakers, plays and exchanges with students from Quebec. Also, tentatively a library will be set up in either the residences or Coleman House for the service of

the College, when French House comes into effect. A donation of French books worth \$400 from the Consulate of France in Toronto constitutes the first step in this library.

Weinberg stated that a plea for a grant up to \$20,000 has been made to the Federal and Provincial Ministries. An answer from the government is expected in September 1975. The Minister of Education is sympathetic to the project and appears to be willing to finance operations of La Maison Francaise.

#### Difficulties ironed out

All of the difficulties present in the last three years have been ironed out and Mr. Robin Ross, the vice-provost of St. George campus, spending time as the administrator at Erindale has made efforts to promote it. Also, Principal Robinson is backing the project.

A director will be in charge of the residences—which will be located across from Coleman House. The nationality of this director will determine whether Quebecois or France French is to be emphasized. Professor Weinberg stated that the person with the highest qualifications will get the job.

#### Effect of Bill 22

Weinberg pointed out that with the proposed passing of Bill 22 and the realization of the government that 92.7 of the top positions in Ottawa will require both English and French, La Maison Francaise will be a vital service to the community. Adding to its importance is the news that 53,584 bilingual men and women will be required by Ottawa.

In addition, scholarships will be offered by the department of French, the second largest of the

Continued on Page 2.

## No one wants beer?

by Dave Williams

Medium II Staff Reporter

Judging by the attendance at the Pub meeting of February 4, mostly everyone at Erindale is satisfied with the way the "Watering Hole" is being managed. This meeting, originally intended as a question / answer discussion, was announced in the January 30 issue of Medium II. Open to anyone interested, the meeting could easily have altered, or helped improve the general state of affairs of the pub.

Naturally, it was expected that many S.A.G.E. members would be present, but for them to hold the majority in attendance, was not. The handful of interested students, notably Art Berkenbergs, Mike Rumak, and Larry Cooper (of Medium II), asked "Watering Hole" manager Peter Smith whether or not a full-time manager would run the pub. Mr. Smith replied in the affirmative as well as stating that, by its sales, the pub could afford to pay this fulltime manager somewhere in the range of \$15,000 per year.

One note however, if you don't like certain aspects concerning the pub, you've missed your chance to complain.

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## THE ERINDALE COLLEGE BUTTONS ARE HERE

In the Game Room.

Erindale Drinking Club T-Shirts are available in the Games Room. \$3.50 each.

Wayne Bennett of CUSO will be at Erindale, Thursday, February 27. Room 3127. Bring lunch. Coffee and Donuts are Free.

Third and fourth year student receiving invitations from Principal Robinson over the next few weeks are asked to reply to his office at 828-5213 or 828-5212.

The Anna Wyman Dance Theatre is coming to the Erindale campus Saturday, March 1st at 8:00 p.m. The Meeting Place. Tickets \$3.00 per person; available from Room 3094, South Building—during office hours or Room 213 during office hours. There will also be ticket booths in the foyer of the North Building and Meeting Place of the South Building.

Weekly S.A.G.E. meeting is on Wednesday at 5 p.m. in the Star Chamber (Rm. 3130). All are welcome.

**CELEBRATE!**  
Sundays at 10:30  
Art Gallery  
Folk Mass

### FREE SKATING

Register in Rm. 1114

Every Friday  
12:30 - 1:30  
at  
HURON PARK

### FREE SWIMMING

Thursday Nights  
8:15 - 10:15  
Clarkson S.S.  
Sign up in room 1114  
Begins January 16

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14,  
Council Chamber, 8:00 p.m.  
**ASSOCIATES OF ERINDALE  
ANNUAL GENERAL  
MEETING** (very short!)  
followed by a panel discussion on  
Education in the 80's with  
Principal Robinson, Dean Spiegel,  
colleagues from the St. George  
campus and school  
representatives. Guests are  
cordially invited.

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### PRIZE COMPETITION IN GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY

The Classical Association of  
Canada is sponsoring a com-  
petition in Greek and Roman  
mythology. The competition is  
open to all undergraduate stu-  
dents in Canada and will con-  
sist of a three-hour paper (two  
essays from a choice of three  
topics) to be written on  
Monday, March 3rd. First prize  
is \$100 and there are other cash  
and book prizes as well. At  
Erindale, the competition will  
take place in Room 285 at 2:00  
p.m. Students interested in  
participating should contact  
Professor Roger Beck (Room  
206) by February 7th.

### INTERLIBRARY LOAN FOR UNDERGRADUATES

On a trial basis (November,  
1974-April, 1975) the Univer-  
sity of Toronto is offering  
Interlibrary Loan to under-  
graduates. This means that if  
you are unable to locate  
material (book, journal or  
Canadian thesis) at Erindale,  
or via our Book Delivery Ser-  
vice from the downtown cam-  
pus, we can try to locate it  
and borrow it for you from  
other Canadian university  
libraries. This is particularly  
helpful if you research your  
topics well ahead of their due  
date, since it will usually take  
at least 2 weeks before the  
material arrives at Erindale.  
If you have any questions re-  
garding this service please  
ask at the Information Desk.  
Dallas Lowe, I.L.L.

### SIM YEE CLUB

Presnets Kung Fu  
(soft style)

every Friday from

12:00 - 1:00 p.m.

or

1:00 - 2:00 p.m.

at Dancing Studio,  
Rm. 0219  
by Chiu Fu Lau  
Registration: Rm. 1114  
Fee: \$10 / 8 week course

### LAOMEDON REVIEW

LAOMEDON REVIEW, a re-  
view for new writers, is now  
accepting manuscripts for its  
second issue, April '75.  
LAOMEDON will publish PO-  
EMS, SHORT FICTION, and  
CRITICISMS, as well as or-  
iginal articles covering the  
CONTEMPORARY CUL-  
TURAL SCENE in Canada.

Send all submissions to:  
The Editors  
Laomedon Review  
Room 5005  
Erindale College  
Mississauga, Ontario

DEADLINE: March 1, 1975.  
Only manuscripts accompa-  
nied by a stamped, self-ad-  
dressed envelope can be re-  
turned.

### French: A necessity for Canadians . . .

*Continued from Page 1.*

humanities at Erindale, which  
will hopefully attract the best  
qualified students to the French  
House and to Erindale.

Weinberg is seeing anyone with  
suggestions in his office in the  
North Building.

If plans go through as  
proposed, September 1976 will  
make the dream of the French  
department into a reality—La  
Maison Francaise.

# On Campus

In the E.C.C. meeting of Feb.  
10th, Medium II was recognized  
by the Principal, Dr. Robinson,  
as "...not worse than other  
publications."

The meeting was called to  
order at 3:30 p.m. Some of the  
graduate students represen-  
tatives arrived late and ex-  
pressed their disappointment at  
not having received their meet-  
ing correspondence nor a note of  
the change in time, which  
prevented them from raising  
issues in the question period.

Professor T. H. Adamowski  
(English) read a paper entitled  
"Heroes and family Romances in  
Faulkner's Absalom, Absalom!"  
to the Seminar on Applied  
Psychoanalysis at Victoria  
College on January 22nd.

Professors William Hurley, L.  
L. Sample and A. Mohr  
(Anthropology) participated in  
an international conference on  
Japanese archaeology held at  
Trent University January 18-  
20th. Professor Hurley presented  
a paper on a computer study of  
artifacts from a Jomon site in  
Hokkaido and Dr. Sample one on  
cultural relationships with Korea  
during the Neolithic.

Principal E. A. Robinson will  
introduce the topic "What  
Direction for Higher Education in  
the 80's?" and will be joined by a  
group of panelists to discuss this  
matter further: Mr. W. Kent,  
Director of Admissions of the  
University, Mr. M. Young,  
Principal of Silverthorn  
Collegiate Institute, Associate  
Dean I. M. Spiegel, Erindale  
College; Professor Desmond  
Morton, Erindale College; Mr.  
Hugh Carson, 4th year student,  
Erindale College; Mr. B. C.  
Wray, Vice President,  
Administration and Develop-  
ment, Sheridan College of  
Applied Arts and Technology.

The panel discussion will be  
preceded by a short annual  
general meeting of The  
Associates at which new mem-  
bers will be elected to the  
Executive, and plans for the  
forthcoming year will be  
outlined. Those attending the  
meeting are cordially invited to a  
wine and cheese party in the  
Faculty Club at the conclusion of  
the evening arranged by The  
Associates of Erindale College.

The Poculi Ludique Societas (the medieval drama group  
at the University of Toronto) is producing John Skelton's  
Magnyfycence in the Debates Room of Hart House, U. of T.

Wednesday, Feb. 12 at 8:30 p.m.

Thursday, Feb. 13 at 8:30 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 14 at 9:00 p.m.

Saturday, Feb. 15 at 2:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

ADMISSION TO ALL PERFORMANCES IS FREE

**The spring blood donor clinic  
at Erindale College will be held on  
Today, February 13 between the  
hours of 9:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.**

### OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH 1975

The Opportunities for Youth  
Programme (OFY) offers  
grants to groups of young  
people to carry out projects of  
their design. These projects  
operate during the summer  
months and the grant for the  
project covers both salaries  
and operating expenses.  
In addition to creating jobs,  
however, the selected projects  
must provide some benefit to  
the community in which they  
will operate.

Special Meeting  
An OFY Project Of-

ficer, Miss Christine  
Pogorzelski, will be at the  
College to advise interested  
students;  
Date: Wednesday, February 5,  
1975.  
Time: 12:00 noon to 2:00 p.m.  
Place: Room 3129 South  
Building  
Applications: Obtainable at the  
Student Aid Office, Room 237 or  
your local Canada Manpower  
Centre  
Deadline: Much earlier this  
year February 21st, 1975.  
Further information:  
Telephone 369-3012.

### NEW AWARD

THE HAROLD SONNY  
LADOO BOOK PRIZE FOR  
CREATIVE WRITING. This  
new award has been  
established at Erindale College  
by friends of the late Harold  
Sonny Ladoo. The fund is still  
open for contributions.

Conditions: To be awarded to  
an Erindale College student,  
either full-time or part-time, in  
memory of Harold Sonny  
Ladoo who published his first  
novel in 1972, whilst an  
undergraduate at Erindale  
College and whose promising  
writing career was tragically  
cut short by his early death in  
1973.

Competitors may submit one or  
more of the following:

- I) a long poem or a group of  
short poems,
- II) a short story or a group of  
short stories,

III) a novel or the scheme of a  
novel accompanied by approx-  
imately 15,000 words of the  
novel itself,

IV) a play.

No previously published  
composition will be accepted.  
Application: Two typed copies  
(each copy to be enclosed in a  
binder), under a pseudonym,  
should be submitted to the  
Erindale College Awards  
Officer. A separate envelope  
containing the pseudonym, the  
name of the candidate, and  
his/her student number must  
accompany the submission.

One copy of the prize-winning  
composition shall be  
permanently deposited with  
the Registrar of Erindale  
College, but copyright remains  
with the author.

PLEASE SUBMIT TO ROOM  
237 BY APRIL 15, 1975.

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### OPENINGS AVAILABLE

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INDIVIDUALS



**NOON HOUR CLASSICAL CON-  
CERT**  
Hamilton Philharmonic Institute,  
Thurs., Feb. 13, Music Room, 1  
p.m.

**SINGLES BASH**  
Featuring Belfast, Thurs., Feb. 13,  
Tickets \$1, from the Hall Porter &  
at the Door.

**WINE SEMINAR**  
Feb. 26, Mar. 11 & Mar. 20. Tickets  
from the Programme Office. Senior  
Members—\$18; Students—\$12.  
Limited number of tickets avail-  
able.

**BRIDGE CLUB**  
Regular Swiss. Tues., Feb. 18,  
Debates Room, 7 p.m.

**CAMERA CLUB EXHIBITION**  
Closing Date for entries—Fri., Feb.  
21 at 12 noon. Entry forms from the  
hall porter. Open to all members of  
Hart House.

**ART GALLERY**  
Wall-Hangings until Feb. 21.  
Gallery hours: Monday, 11 a.m. - 9  
p.m. Tuesday to Saturday, 11 a.m.  
- 5 p.m. Sunday, 2 - 5 p.m.

**INFORMAL DEBATE**  
"Resolved that Politics is a Good  
Game". Thurs., Feb. 13,  
Bickersteth Room, 3 p.m.



## SCIENCE FICTION

by Geoff Kavanagh

## The "Astounding", John W. Campbell

In a previous column I mentioned three of the greatest people in the history of science fiction. These men do not stand alone in this category, there are many others who have contributed their share to science fiction. One of these is undoubtedly, John W. Campbell. Campbell was the editor of "Astounding Science Fiction" for thirty years from 1937 to around 1971. During that time he was a godfather to many new writers who were trying to break into the publishing business. Although many of these writers were unknown at the time, John Campbell helped them become great writers and (almost) household names in science fiction. Among those that he helped were: Paul Anderson,

Isaac Asimov, Harry Harrison and Alfred Bester. While Campbell gained a large amount of fame as an editor, he also gained recognition as a writer. Before his editing career, he had written many types of science fiction starting with spare opera (he was a fan of E. E. "Doc" Smith) to the "new wave" stories of the late thirties where science and scientists were fallable. It was probably his expertise in writing that contributed to his greatness as an editor and every story that passed through his hands always bore his mark. In fact, he enjoyed editing more than writing because it gave him a chance (paradoxically) to write more stories than he normally would. In order to bolster his newly

found writers he would give them ideas and later deny any credit for them. Perhaps the best example of this is Isaac Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics. Asimov claims that Campbell first formulated them but Campbell always strongly denied this. John Campbell became well liked by many people and it came as a great shock to them when he died on June 11, 1971.

The question arose "what would be a fitting memorial for John W. Campbell?" It was then decided to put together an anthology of stories by writers who Campbell had helped in their careers. This anthology, the "Astounding" John W. Campbell Memorial Anthology (published in paperback by Ballantine books) is perhaps the best memorial to this man.

The book contains stories written by many of the well-known people that Campbell helped during his many years as editor of "Astounding". Asimov's "Thiotomoline to the Stars", Paul Anderson's "Lodfestar" and the stories written by Hal Clement, Gordon R. Dickson, Harry Harrison, Mack Reynolds, Clifford D. Simak and George O. Smith can all be enjoyed for themselves without the larger framework of the previous stories. The paperback edition includes the work of another person who Campbell helped, that of the artist Kelly Freas. The cover is in fact, the first piece of art he sold to the magazine. All in all an excellent book and magnificent memorial to a fantastic editor and man.

1. What is the other name for the planet Arrakis?
2. What is the highest price ever paid for a comic book? (to the nearest \$1,000)
3. Name the editor of "Analogy".
4. Name the science editor of Fantasy and Science Fiction.
5. Who is Edgar Rice Burroughs hero on mass?
6. Who is considered "the worlds' second best science writer"?
7. Name the director of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea."
8. In what book does Faber appear?
9. In the T.V. series "Fantastic Voyage", what is the limitation of shrinking?
10. What song is sung by a computer in a book and a film of the same name?

## PEABODY

by Peabody

## Faces of Erindale, Part II

by Peabody

I've had second thoughts, how I wish they had been first ones. Hindsight today is giving me one hell of a kick. Sometimes Humans in the midst of their own flurry of emotions lose sight of the fact that others have feelings too. As much as I'd like it, I can't be perfect. In making a mistake, should I deny the fact that I have? Without compromising my position as a columnist I admit to the fact that the spleen ran quite away from me last week. Sometimes we can't gauge the affect our writing has on others, sometimes we create more than what was there, or go too deep into the truth. It's my fault, I didn't realize that it is better to leave some things unsaid. What a predicament, the great and arrogant Peabody being Humble? I think it's too good to be true.

If occasionally I stop to insulting, regardless of other's feelings or one's own reputation, then I must suffer the consequences. I wouldn't even shirk that responsibility, by any means. But could I ask you to remember one thing? The one person who is really being criticized in this column is me.

+ + +

I don't distinctly know how to approach this kind of person. Being a male myself, I can't decide whether I should envy, or be disgusted by tactics, that to say the least, are dishonest. This type is highly visible in every walk of life. To see him is to know him, right off, yet he never fails to succeed in his aim.

Perhaps it is the way he wears his shirt. Protocol deems it necessary that the first four buttons are left undone, leaving the hair on his chest to point in four directions. The incredible virility of this, leaves innocent young girls open to unprecedented attack, whether in the confines of the pub, or in the septic tastiness of the cafeteria. I

can't figure out the fascination women have for unbuttoned shirts. But obviously he has, and uses it to his own very large advantage.

He's a jeaned wonder, the veritable cloth of his pants leaving no doubt as to the fact that he has legs. The man's got it made. Watch him sometime. He slides his arm discreetly around the nearest girl, who must have the prerequisite of a closer bed. You can find him at a table, sometimes alone, or with a friend who has a jug. While he drinks, he survey the territory. When the spirits of the evening raise him above the normal descreptude of the crowd, his face changes, he gets a new look in his eye. The sight of slim ass, catches the gleam, and on wolfish toes the kill is approached. How easily she is led by his boyish grin. She succumbs before you and I would have a chance to think of something to say.

It matters little to him if there is already a beau present. He bends over (bend over) and whispers something in her ear, she giggles. Her eyes meet his, and the pact is sealed. You are just about to ask her if she wants to get comfortable, settle in for the night, when she suddenly remembers an engagement. When you see her the next day, her hair is dissheveled, she walks funny and you my friend are the loser.

Not really. The loser is in the bar again, surveying the territory, borrowing money for a new round of drinks, catching sight of the newest little ass that flings itself beside him. Her eyes meet his, and the pact is sealed. Comfort yourself with a glass of beer and the possibility of a new relationship. In the warmth of someone you consider human, is more reality, more good times, more emotion, than anything that unbuttoned Mr. Wonderful will ever find.

## CONSPECTUS

by John Challis

## Principal's job is up for grabs in '76

For those of you like me who don't know a thing about the administrative end of this college, E. A. Robinson is the principal of Erindale (yes, we have a principal!). He is also Dean of Erindale. He even teaches Chemistry here. Wooppee methane! you say?

Well, it just might interest you to know that his two-year term as principal here at God's Little Acre terminates July 1st next year, and if you hate his guts, you could probably do something to get rid of him forever. On the other hand, if you worship the socks he sweat in, you could probably get him back in for another term (some people will do anything for extra marks). If you're one of these types, or you're interested in this kind of position in the future (the principal lives in a huge mansion, and wields power like you wouldn't believe), or if you're just nosey, here is a brief rundown of the mechanics of appointing or re-appointing a new principal.

First of all the president of U. of T.—his royalness, Grand Poo-Bah Jr. R. Evans—looks at his calendar, and says "Holy shit! Erindale was supposed to have a new principal last week!" He then runs madly around town appointing what is called a Search Committee, which most people refuse to join. Eventually the committee gets put together, hopefully around June of this year. Probably there will be some faculty and administrative heads from downtown in the committee, because they don't think we're smart enough out here to do things on our own. There'll be a few token Erindale faculty members so things don't get too ludicrous. The chairman will most likely be some mighty potentate from Simcoe Hall—a vice-president or janitor or something. And maybe, just maybe, if we get lucky enough,

the president might think of putting the odd student in one committee, too. People like Art Birkenbers, president of S.A.G.E., or Peter Henderson, or some other students actively associated with the administration would be the obvious choices. Unfortunately, we'll likely end up getting represented by some first year dildo like Frank Debicki or Mark Stewart.

Once the committee's all put together, everybody sits around a table punching each other in the nose, arguing about who to appoint, and getting distracted by the pigeons outside the windows. Since an announcement for the new principal should be made around December 1975, nominations must be decided for by around next September. Which is just about enough time for the committee to figure out where Erindale is. At present, no one is being considered for the position, or if they are, people are keeping tight-lipped about it. According to sources, the entire procedure will be very confidential, and people are already very cautious about dropping names, a practice which has driven this poor reporter to the very pits of hysterical desperation.

The prospects for Robinson's re-appointment as principal are slim, and a new Dean is already in the process of being sought for. It has been U. of T. policy to let administrative heads make fools of themselves for only 3, 5, or 7 year periods, if they have senior academic positions. This is done so their administrative positions do not interfere with their research. Robinson had been an administrator for 9 years here at Erindale, and is quite probably well behind in his research. So U. of T. will likely try to convince him to concentrate more on his academic studies.

## ACKSLINE

by Daniel Acks

## WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

I am constantly amazed by people's reactions to words. An act of physical violence seldom brings the emotional response that does a well worded editorial. I have often wondered why this is so. Is it perhaps because words are seen to be extremely insidious, undermining, ever so gradually some's emotional balance? A punch in the face, though it hurts most painfully at the moment, does not linger on in one's mind as does a sardonical phrase.

People are afraid of words. One never knows adequately how to fight them. How do you do combat with another person's personal ideas. In a fistfight you are able to see and feel your opponent. On paper, your foe is obscure and nebulous. The only link between both of you is a piece of paper with varied letters on it. An extremely weak link at best.

Evidently, my past columns have churned up a few emotions. Whether these emotions be good or bad is not my point at the moment. It is curious that the source of these emotions is not specifically my ideas, but rather the actual words I use to express them. Which, I must admit, discourages the hell out of me. I keep imagining a situation in which a writer advocates the murdering of children, and everyone is criticizing his use of four letter words while ignoring his plan for genocide.

Words have so many different

connotations and infinite possibilities that it boggles my mind. They may be arranged in beautiful and elevating prose, or twisted perversely into a Hitleresque speech. The emotional impact created is as varied and opposite as their ideas.

One of Lenny Bruce's favorite peeves was swear words. He was forever amazed at the way people continued to be obsessed with all the fucks and shits in the world. Actually, the more I think about the whole thing, the more I'm inclined to agree with Lenny. Swear words are truly wonderful creations for they can express, in a singular phrase, one's emotions perfectly:

"How ya feeling today?"

"Shitty."

You see, the word "shitty" is brilliant. It's concise, succinct, and to the point. Definitely far better than something like:

"I have a headache, my arthritis is acting up, and I've got a hangnail."

I suppose various individuals will be up in arms again over this column and its contents. As I said at the beginning of the year, that's fine, because I want you to get emotional over me, I need the attention. And, before we part may I leave you all with the immortal words of George Carlin:

"You can prick your finger, but you can't finger your prick."

# SAC

## Presidential Election

### March 12 - 13, 1975

The election of the S.A.C. President and two Vice-Presidents will be held on March 12th and 13th, 1975.

Copies of nomination forms and election rules can be obtained from S.A.C. after February 24.

Nominations close February 28, at 5:00 p.m.





# medium II

Awareness is the subjective  
The 'whatness' is the object.  
And all the media in the world  
The sight, the sound, and thoughts, and touch  
Are based upon a common ground

Which, denominating, I declare:  
The medium of all the media  
Is nothing but awareness  
That differentiates...

Frederick S. Perls

SAC



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The present circulation of Medium II is 7,000, estimated readership is 10,200. Subscriptions available post paid at \$3.10 per year. Advertising rates available on request.

## Have a good week!

There are some institutions which can be done away with—but then there are some which must now and again be praised. Next week must be praised.

Whether it is called reading week, study week, rest week, ski week, Florida week, Europe week, catchup week or flakeout week—we need it. By mid-February, anyone who has stuck it out since September deserves a break.

It seems that a psychological study was once made, which found that mid-February was the psychologically lowest time for university students. The dropout rate was highest at this time, as well as the suicide rate. Although it may be difficult to imagine someone getting so depressed about school to actually want to end his or her life, the milder

depression must be felt by all.

Reading week or whatever you wish to call it, it is your second chance—the chance to get your head together for the home stretch. If you're behind in your essays and reports, it's a chance to devote one week full time to them and start the homestretch on an equal footing. If you're up with everything or you don't care—it's a great time to relax and get your head psychologically in order.

Anyway, it's nice to have some time for yourself in the middle of the mad race... and, oh yes, Florida IS warm at this time of year, and all the action is in Acapulco next week. There are many better things to do next week than commit suicide, even if you're flunking terribly! See you in Acapulco!

## Food Crisis

Putting the blame for the food crisis on the "population explosion" is a convenient way of covering over the fact that the growing consumption of meat in the affluent countries is just as important a factor in the pressure on food supplies as is population growth. North Americans consume about one ton of grains per person per year. Only 150 pounds of this is consumed directly, the rest being consumed indirectly in the form of meat. (It takes about 10 lbs. of grain to get one pound of meat.) In contrast, the average grain consumption in the third world is about 500 pounds, most of it consumed directly. The average North American consumes 5 times the agricultural resources of an average Indian or African.

As the rich get richer they eat more meat. The average

Canadian now consumes annually 10 pounds more beef, 7 pounds more pork and 5 pounds more poultry than five years ago. Meat consumption is also rising at a rapid rate in Japan and Europe and was a major factor in the \$1 billion grain deal Russia concluded with the United States. When the Russian grain harvest failed, instead of slaughtering their cattle as they had in the past, Mr. Brezhnev personally concluded a grain deal with President Nixon to import grain to feed their animals. Because of the maldistribution of wealth, the rich minority, whether capitalist or communist, can command more than their share from the market while others starve.

We are not saying that the consumption of all meat must be curtailed. Cattle foraging on pasture land that cannot be used for other crops is actually a very efficient use of the earth's resources. The problem is that North American cows are now fattened on grain in feedlots for the meat markets of an affluent society.

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## Letters To The Editor

MacInnis... "a valuable asset"  
Dear Sir:

I have been on Student's Council (SAGE) for almost six months now. In that period I have seen both the good side of council and its bad side. One of the brighter spots was the Services Commission.

It was very disheartening when some of us on council learned of Brian MacInnis' resignation. If there was one word to describe him it would be conscientious. It was mainly through his efforts that the Games Goom was opened, the Erindale Drinking Club rejuvenized and the Stage Band organized.

In regards to his remarks about the president, as much as I like Arthur Birkenbergs, I must agree with Mr. MacInnis on his point about Arthur's conspicuous absence from the SAGE Office the past few months.

This letter is from a few of us on council who have recognized the unselfish efforts displayed by Brian. Maybe someone will convince him to run for council again next year. He is a valuable asset to any council.

First Year Rep S.A.G.E.

A Public Chiding  
Dear Sir:

In an article, on Mississauga Transit, in one of last month's issues, David Leslie stated that only recently, SAGE got involved with the busing problem with its Busing Protest Committee.

In the first place, it is not a "protest" committee per se—it worked through official channels with the Mississauga Council. Secondly, SAGE and the College administration have been working through official channels with Mississauga Transit since October and, I believe, you knew about that. Why was that fact not made known to your readers? An interesting point, which I have mentioned to you, and to C.F.R.E.'s news department, is that, while reporters are, on an average day, a rare sight around the SAGE offices, at our weekly meetings, the frequency of their appearance in said places seems to increase greatly when so-called "political" stories break. It is unfortunate that, apparently, the day-to-day business SAGE members transact is considered too routine to be

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WHERE YOU LIVE  
AND WHOM YOU LIVE  
WITH, YES.....  
WHAT YOU PAY—NO.  
RIGHT, MIKE?...



## OF BIRD COURSES

Aristotle noteth well the worth of bird courses when he wrote: "They effect a kind of change, but only as that of a mirror; for those who enter wanting knowledge will surely leave with knowledge wanting." Bird courses are these days called fart courses, and it were well to call them thus. For as in the breaking of wind, though there be some noise, there is little of substance. There is danger in them though, for neither is so harmless as may at first seem; to use the one greatly will as surely weaken the mind as the other doth besmirch the drawers.

Those things which mark bird courses are three: that they require no toil either for teacher or pupil, that all who take them will pass, nay and with a high mark, and that none learn a thing of value from them.

The advantages of bird courses are they are of much worth in filling out the timetable, as

silicon in the bust, to give it the proper dimension. For the timetable must needs have five courses, yea even six, else the pupil be compelled to make amends the following year. The wise pupil chooseth birds with care at the beginning and marketh well the advice that "a bird in the fall is worth two in the spring." Yet, a fart course in the spring is as potent smelling salts to the student collapsed from the mid-year examinations. Truly it is "in the spring time, the only pretty ring time, that birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding," as I noteth in a play. The second advantage of bird courses is that they serve to raise the average most wonderfully, and are especially of value to anyone who would impress parents. The third advantage is that they allow a teacher lacking all wit to earn a living. This last is an advantage to the teacher and no one else.

The disadvantages of bird courses

are many, the main one being that they dull the wit and make the brain to go soft. They are of no use to one seeking a trade. A man who be employed as an astronaut by saying, "I have taken University and Canadian Society, and passed" will surely be scorned. If it is wished to be an arc welder, it were better to disguise the result of Music, no matter how high.

Do not think that all bird courses are to be found in the Arts, for it is only partially true that "courses of the feather flock together." Is Finite Mathematics less of a Science for being simple? Nay, and Biology too would be a bird, save for the obscurity of the exams, making it difficult to pass.

Fools crave bird courses, for they have need of them; the haughty scorn them; it is a wise pupil who useth them sparingly, and to great advantage.

All letters should be addressed to the Editor, c/o Medium II, room 5005, South Building. They must be double spaced, typed and limited to 250 words. Medium II reserves the right to edit for length and grammar. Name and address must be included for legal purposes but the name will be withheld upon request. Deadline: Fri. 5 p.m.

newsworthy. Otherwise, more students might have a better understanding of how SAGE does act on their behalf!

Ralph J. Szalay,  
Communications Commissioner,  
S.A.G.E.

Dear Sir:

I almost laughed (but didn't) when I read Daniel Acks' defense of his maturity. I'm sorry, Mr. Acks, but if you have to go to such great lengths to prove your maturity, you must doubt it more than any of us. And furthermore, Mr. Acks, there's more to good writing than sounding intelligent and groovy.

Sincerely,  
Don Hart

Reader concerned about  
Peabody Article

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading Peabody's latest article — The

Faces of Erindale (Part I) — and I am disgusted by it. Under a mask of generality, the article is a thinly disguised assault on a specific individual well known to many at Erindale. All who have read the article can testify to its appalling grotesqueness, bad taste and utter unfairness.

It would probably have been best not to draw attention to such a hideous piece of writing if not for the fact that it appears to be the first of a series. Since articles like these can serve no purpose but to bring needless suffering to their undeserving victims and disgrace to the paper that publishes them, they should be discontinued immediately. Peabody should either direct his pea-brain to objects more worthy of his scorn or he should cease writing altogether. Certainly if Medium II continues to endorse his column as a forum for the expression of his private malice, the paper deserves to lose the campus support it has gained.

Yours sincerely,  
George Urbaniak.



## MOONSTONE

by George Dowse

### Que Sera, Sera

The youth and the French girl sat opposite his desk which was cluttered with mountains of notes, old manuscripts and books with all sorts of titles; rain that fell like machine-gun-fire against the waterspouts outside his open window drowned the music coming from the French radio station.

"That's how it starts," she said.

"What does?" he said.

"You know," she said, removing his hand from her pale, blue panties.

"Stop that!" she said. "Or I will leave and never come back."

She wants to be talking friends only and not be the — sort of friend, he thought.

"You are obstinate," she said, removing his hand from her panties a second time. She stood up. She brushed down her skirt. She opened the door and left slamming the door as she went out into the wet night.

Momentarily, he waited not wishing to follow her. Then, he grabbed his coat and ran into the back laneway after her.

"Wait!" he yelled.

She waited.

Rushing to her putting his arms around her, he said, "Think about it, and call me."

She let her head fall onto his shoulder and sobbed, "I know that I will miss you." Her tears mixed with the drenching rain fall; she pulled away from him and the night swallowed her around the corner at Yorkville Avenue.

He stood in the rain, coat in hand muttering, "Attachments and all those yet unborn."

He returned to his room above the Tailor Shop.

He dropped his drenched coat on top of his cluttered desk and let himself fall onto his bed.

The record from Bill's room down the hall played the words: "Que Sera, Sera; whatever will be will be..."

Only that morning Bill sat opposite him at the community kitchen table talking as if to himself:

"My daughter is a terminal patient in hospital. Last Christ-

mas time, we went to visit friends in North Bay; their 16-year-old boy had received a Skidoo and they became involved in a road accident killing the boy and 3 other kids and sending my daughter to hospital with a brain hemorrhage: she has been unconscious for 3 months now and she is unable to say anything. Just lies there."

"How old is she?" asked the youth.

"She's 10, and it breaks my heart to see her that way; my Doctor advised against seeing her because of my ulcer and other feelings."

"What about her mother?"

"We divorced this year, her taking everything with her." Bill said.

Bill's record: "Whatever will be, will be..." brought thoughts about another friend to the youth's mind; a friend he hadn't seen for a long time and would never see again; he had been a young Frenchman who had been married with 3 kids; when he drank-he drank a lot-he always sang the same song:

"Que Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be..."

Just last month, the young Frenchman had been killed in an automobile accident while drinking with neighbours; they all died in that crash.

The youth was certain that he had been, then singing "Que Sera, Sera, whatever will be, will be..."

So it would be with the French girl who stood sobbing on his rain drenched shoulder...



"You are going to meet a tall, dark, handsome hijacker."

## Feedback

by John Panjer

Question: Do you think READING WEEK will be beneficial for you academically?

"Yes. It gives me time to get my essays done after lying on the beach all day in Florida."

Val Green  
Arts II



"No way!"

Dale Fraser  
Psy. II



"I don't think anything could be beneficial to me academically right now."

Sheila MacDermid  
Science I



"Yes. It gives me a nice breathing space so I can get caught up."

John Westerhof  
Psy. IV



"No. I'm going to Ottawa to see my woman. She's better to study than those Biology books."

Cliff Thompson  
Biology III



"Personally it's good academically though it depends on how much work you have to do. People need it for the February blues."

Hershel Stein  
Commerce II



## RELIGION

By the holy order of the  
Inquisition

The embers glow brightly with the souls of the indifferent. We have found a sad lack of true understanding here at Erindale, which is due in equal part to the lack of wisdom and the overabundance of ego. Everyone judges only to condemn, never to understand. Nobody it seems wants to ask the questions, to wonder why.

This week a joyous event took place, someone humbly offered to share an insight they had regarding beauty. Since in the grey months thoughts on beauty are rare, we decided to forward them to you.

Beauty has always been one of Wormwood's stumbling-blocks, you see beauty elevates the spirit out of indifference. It has a power to affect men to touch them personally; thus it is very important to apprehend the difference between beauty and attractiveness.

## BEAUTY

"Finally I have found my definition of Beauty. It is something both ardent and sad, somewhat vague, leaving room for the imagination. If you allow me, I would like to apply my ideas to an object of feeling, for example to the most interesting thing in the world—the face of a woman. A beautiful and seductive face. I mean to say the face of a woman, as one which makes you dream, at the same time, but in a confused manner of both sensual pleasure and sadness; a face which carries with it a feeling of melancholy, of weariness and even of satiety. And a face which carries with it a contrary feeling, that is to say, an intense passion for life linked with an unceasing flow of bitterness, as if coming from want or from despair. Mystery and irreparable loss are also

characteristic of Beauty.

A man's face to be handsome need not suggest, except perhaps in the eyes of a woman, this feeling of sensuality which in a woman's face is all the more provocative the more it communicates melancholy.

But the man's face will also reflect a certain ardent and sadness, spiritual needs, aspirations (ambitions) mysteriously stifled, the feeling of a surging strength at loose ends. Sometimes will reflect a vengeful cruelty—the dandy is not to be excluded from this subject—sometimes also and that is one of the most interesting qualities of Beauty—mystery and finally misery. I am not saying that gaiety (joy) cannot associate itself with Beauty but that joy (gaiety) is one of its most unrefined ornaments whereas melancholy is one of beauty's essentials.



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## Lavelle is the man . . .

*Continued from Page 1.*

Mills and Earl Haig Secondary schools, where he was awarded "Coach of the Year" honors for his extra-curricular work.

In 1970, he was consequently given the "opportunity" to assume the head coach position (in both football and basketball) at the University of Waterloo. At that time, the varsity basketball team at Waterloo was of a quality roughly equivalent to the Washington Capitals of the National Hockey League and had the majority of their home game attendance comprised of the opposing team, a few equipment managers, officials and occasionally a spectator who had lost his way to (or from) the pub. However, two seasons after Lavelle accepted the desperate Waterloo plea, the varsity team had finished first in the West division and were jamming the gymnasium with enthusiastic spectators.

"Personal reasons" were the cause of his resignation at Waterloo after that second year, and also the explanation as to why he ended up as an assistant at McMaster from 1971 to 1973.

During the summer of 1973, Dave Crichton, then the Athletic Director at Erindale and formerly a player for Lavelle in his first season as Coach at Waterloo, presented him with a plan for an Erindale basketball team. The idea was somewhat radical as it meant a withdrawal from the inter-faculty system at U. of T., but it was also very challenging. It was, in fact, something similar to the Waterloo situation.

Lavelle resigned his post at McMaster and the rest is a familiar story. The season was a success after some rough times against lowly community college teams in the first months. But, as Lavelle says, "from January on there was a terrific improvement in the team. It became obvious that the players, most of whom were without a good competitive background, were more than willing to do the work to achieve excellence."

What Mike Lavelle did not say was that he was the inspiration behind that work. He demanded respect for his methods and he got it. But most importantly he made a bunch of individuals function as a team and be proud of it. A turning point in the season came in middle November on a Thursday evening which saw the Warriors take on a mediocre Seneca College team. The team had not responded to the coaching of Lavelle and their

play more than showed it as they retired to the dressing room at half time with Seneca in possession of a small lead and showing every intention of stretching it to embarrassing heights.

What Lavelle said to his team in the dressing room is something no member of that team will ever forget. He left the dressing room and let every player to his own thoughts. His words reverberated in their mind: "You've gotta have heart."

Erindale won that hard fought game 84-78, and everybody contributed to the victory. It was to be that way for the remainder of the season.

Lavelle is all for an O.L.U.A.A. team at Erindale because he feels it would be good for the campus. As he explains, "There is presently a great limitation in terms of activities at Erindale and a basketball team would offer some further entertainment for the student body. There should also be an opportunity for the talent at Erindale to be expressed and thirdly, we could establish some (badly needed) spirit through sports."

In spite of the need for a point of interest other than the pub, the question of practicality must be considered. Erindale is a small college and it takes money to have a basketball team.

At the request of ECARA, Lavelle prepared a budget which called for an expenditure of \$2,500 for the entire season. "That figure compares with a normal budget of \$6,500 for an O.U.A.A. team. We can rule out the cost of cross country trips and new uniforms as we won't be attending any major (out of the province) tournaments in our first year and we already have uniforms which were purchased last year. We are fortunate in that we are centrally located and that we can drive our own vans rather than having to rent buses."

"Once we establish a following, there will be an increased income and we can venture into things such as major tournaments in other provinces." The income will come from the standard admission price of fifty cents at the door, or from the price of a season card which will allow the bearer admission to all the team's home games.

But can Erindale draw crowds to their games?

"People will come out," affirms Lavelle. "There is no doubt about that at all."

With Mike Lavelle at the helm Erindale will be a winner and people always like to see a winner.

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## AFTERMATH

By J. D. Linton

### Rambling on

I've been busy this week—not too busy to write a column, but too busy to spend the time to critically evaluate an orchestral suite. Instead of doing that, I'm going to tell you about my trip back from Ottawa. I'm sorry if this invades the territory of Daniel Acks, but I think it's my turn to ramble on about nothing for a while.

Ottawa is a great town this time of year. The weather is calm and cold, but it's not the damp, wet cold of Toronto, it's crisp and sort of sharp. We skated on the Rideau and went to the Art Gallery. It was a good weekend.

A bunch of us took the train to Toronto, where we played penny-ante and met a girl named Samantha. The Boo persuaded Sam to come and play a bit of poker with us. She was agreeable, so we settled in for a long stint of hidden gambling. Playing games is frowned upon by the CN people, who could take an ugly notion to put you away for a couple of years if they wanted to, so we were subtle.

I performed the introductions, pointing out the Boo and Pete to Sam.

"Hi" they said, almost in unison.

"I'm Sam" she replied, "Short for Samantha."

"You know how to play?" the Boo inquired.

"Oh yes," she replied, with just

a trace of a French accent. "How many cards do I deal out?"

With only a slight bit of rule-teaching, the game was well under way and we played steadily as the train lurched past the towns and settlements of Eastern Ontario. Half an hour past Kingston, Sam was down about a buck. So was Pete, and he desperately wanted out of the game, so we called it there. Sam wanted to get a bit of shut-eye and Boo wanted to go to the bar car for a while so the party split up at that point. I didn't really get a chance to speak with Sam again.

She was a dancer, and on her way to Brampton to work out with a new band. Being pregnant, she had a couple of months of work left before she began to show, so she had to make the most of them. We talked for a while during the game and she told me what her life was like and some of the places she'd been. She had a grade 10 education but knew a hell of a lot more about this country than some professors I know.

"I like travelling around," she said, "Meeting new people and things. I've been all over the north, you know, to the air force base at Thule and to Yellowknife, too. I was at Thule for six months—I got there just as the sun was going below the horizon, and

*Continued on Page 7.*



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## MUSIC

By Harrie Vredenburg

When you've just gone all the way, there's nothing left to do - except go a little further. That is what Maynard Ferguson did time and time again this past weekend at his concerts at Hamilton Place, Seneca College, and the Cerebral Palsy Telethon. Ferguson, the king of the trumpet squeal, the acrobat of that instrument, did in the flesh what many thought was impossible outside the unreal world of the recording studios. Practically in every arrangement performed at the concerts Ferguson untiringly soared almost into the supersonic range.

Besides the acrobatic antics of the Canadian band leader, the 13 piece "all foreign" band performed extremely well. Hailing from England, Ireland the U.S., New Zealand, and Italy the band performed excellently as a whole and showed some fine solo talent especially in bari-sax-flutist Bruce Johnstone. His work on

Left Bank Express from Ferguson's album, "Live at Jimmy's," and Elton John's tune "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me," was phenomenal.

By far the biggest treat of the evening was to hear the entire arrangement of the Spanish a-la-jazz, La Fiesta. This version begins with a first movement consisting entirely of a strong bass solo by Rick Petrone, and features a drum solo in the middle by Dan D'Imperio. The condensed recorded version on Ferguson's latest album, "Chameleon", is good, but you must hear the entire arrangement to fully appreciate the piece.

Maynard Ferguson at 44 has got to be the ultimate jazz freak. Whereas Doc Severinson zaps his audiences with the glittering Hollywood professionalism of his show, Ferguson hits you with the music. Though he struts around the stage like a wounded peacock



Maynard Ferguson blowing his brains out.

sporting his velvet suit and gaudy Hawaiian-style body shirt, it is his band's music that makes the impact—and the sheer musical acrobatics of their leader Maynard Ferguson.

by Cathie Rosa

Medium 11 Theatre Critic

## THEATRE

### El Grande de Coca Cola

El Grande de Coca Cola, is the title of the Cabaret Show now playing Upstairs at Old Angelo's.

Pepe Hernandez, whose show you have come to see in a run down night club in Trujillo, Honduras, is your Master of Ceremonies for the evening. Pepe has persuaded his uncle, the local Coca-Cola bottling plant manager to advance him enough money to rent the night-club for one month.

Pepe now is ready to present his Parada de Estrellas (Parade of Stars). The big name show people he has boasted about in the press are none other than his daughters, nephew, and cousin.

The show begins with his daughter Maria going into the audience as the cigarette and chewing gum lady, where she flirts with some of the audience. Then of course they must get in a "Coca-Cola Break".

The family have obviously heard about contemporary night-club acts that have been successful and try to duplicate them. The acts unfortunately do not work out correctly but they

seemingly don't seem to understand. They just throw up their arms and smile in the typical stage position.

They do such acts as the seer, discovering the type of object that has been supplied by the audience. Acrobatics, singing, dancing and impressions are not left out. Of course the acts all take on a Spanish tinge and the humour is seeing common jokes supplied in Spanish they seem to gain something in translation.

The show seems poorly put together but careful thought has been taken to make the defects sharply understood.

Ron House who conceived "El Grande" with Diz White "in the good ole U.S.A." plays Pepe. His star-struck family is made up of Alan Shearman, Jonathan Gardner, Louisa Hart, and Susan Bredoff.

## Aftermath

Continued from Page 6.

it was just starting to come above when I left."

I guess some people wouldn't think it was much of a life, seeing the world from the windows of dingy clubs and taverns. I know I wouldn't, but I'm not sure that it's anything to be proud about.

Good luck, Sam, wherever you are.

The Boo tells me that the column isn't long enough yet, so I'll end with a short fable I heard in a church sermon one sunny Sunday in 1962.

A young man wanted to ask a certain girl out to a dance being held at his tabernacle, but had never talked to girls before and so was very apprehensive about the whole affair. One night, while out drinking coffee with some of his buddies, he screwed up his courage and phoned the girl from a nearby telephone booth. The young girl's father answered the phone and in a gruff voice inquired as to the identity of the caller.

"Who's that?" said the father. "It's me" replied Ben. Ben was the name of the young man.

"Whaddya want?" asked the father, whose name was J. T. Waspwood. He headed up the local napalm trust, a very wealthy man.

"I just wondered if your daughter would . . . " Ben faltered, unsure of what to say. He began to sweat. His breath came in gasps.

"Is this an obscene call?" roared Mr. Waspwood, and, without waiting for an answer, slammed down the receiver.

Poor Ben was left sobbing with anger and frustration at the other end of the line. He adjusted his tie and went back into the coffee shop, a broken, bitter man. He never again had a happy moment in his life.

The moral: Don't be obscene and not heard.

Look, I know it's not very good, but I'll do better next week. Honest. (I was drunk. I have witnesses.)

# THE OXFORD INN

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Fun Games

Tournaments

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the new meeting place  
for students.



A student researcher named Sue,  
While studying on-campus brew,  
Says the trend is now clear  
To a beer without peer,  
Labatt's 'Blue' is now 'in'  
with 'Who's who'!



Labatt's Blue smiles along with you



## SPORTS EDITORIAL

by Joey Sikorski

Thoughtless brutality seems to have plagued the pro-ranks of hockey this year so much that just maybe players and fans might try and think about putting a stop to the whole mess. Clarence Campbell has stated that this has been the worst year for sheer violence in the N.H.L.

Take for example where Don Saleski and Bob Rilly of the Flyers each received six games for their fisticuffs in a wild brawl at Oakland, or the 97 minutes in penalties in a recent period between the Flyers and the Rangers. But the most sickly incident took place Jan. 4 when Dave Forbes of Boston butt-ended and punched Henry Boucha of Minnesota to the point where Boucha now has recurring double vision in his left eye. There is no need to go into the exact details of that incident, merely the fact that it happened is sad to think about.

Campbell imposed a 10-game suspension of Forbes but this is nothing compared to the thought of facing a minimum three years in prison with which Forbes is now confronted. This possibility is going through the minds of all hockey players. Just what would happen if they did decide to throw Forbes in prison? Just a 10-game suspension is not enough to prevent a player from repeating

## Violence in Hockey

a similar incident. But a prison sentence would establish such a precedent in sports that it would affect the minds of any players ready to do battle.

The question now is whether civil authority is ready or equipped to deal with a situation of the Dave Forbes incident. Or should athletes be treated as criminals by law when they sometimes act like criminals in a game? Clarence Campbell apparently doesn't think so. (When the McMurty Report on violence came out, Campbell told McMurty what he could do with his report because it concluded that the N.H.L. was to blame for violence in amateur sports.) He believes that the N.H.L. should handle its own affairs, and let the public body of law stay out of it. But this is what the N.H.L. has been doing for the last 50 years and violence has been getting worse. Maybe it's about time someone else stepped in, Mr. Campbell.

Hockey has got to the point where the person who gets attention is the guy who intimidates another; he gets the applause for doing it with a large salary to go with it. But because of this there's a good chance that there will be more idiots like Dave Shultz around.

Hockey is a great game and it has to be physical. But incidents that we have seen this year might turn the game into a roller derby on the ice.

## Knudson: Making a comeback

### CANADA'S BEST SAYS DRINKING AND BACK PROBLEMS SOLVED

by Tom Maloney  
Medium II Sports Editor

The scene was the Mississauga Golf and Country Club on a warm and sunny July morning. A tanned, impressive looking figure had just completed his practice round and was about to enter the clubhouse through an entrance reserved only for those who were to report or compete in the \$200,000 Canadian Open.

"I'm sorry, sir, but you can't get in here without an identification button," warned the determined girl who had volunteered her services and had been designated with guarding the player's entrance against curious spectators for the week of the Open.

The golfer arrested his stride in mid-step and more or less gawked at the girl in the uniform.

One of the reporters who was at the scene pointed out the "personalized monogram on the yellow shirt that the golfer was sporting, saying that should be sufficient identification.

"I'm sorry but that's just not enough," came the retort that was spoken in a slight tone of confusion. A few more reporters had gathered around by this time.

The golfer, recovered from his initial surprise, decided to speak for himself.

"Well, ah'll tell you ma'am," he began in a respectable imitation of a southern accent, "Ah just plain to'got to put mah

button on, what with me startin' so early this mornin'. Ah'm sure y'all can understand that, can't ya now?" He finished with an exaggerated drawl coupled with a flattering smile.

"Yes sir, but..."

"It's all right, he's O.K.," laughed a rescuing Royal Canadian Golf Association official. "That is George Knudson."

It was to be the start of a rough week for the most successful Canadian golfer ever to compete on the U.S. pro tour. Knudson was entered into a threesome with the god of golf, Arnold Palmer, and they subsequently attracted the largest galleries. He was also the only Canadian entered into the Open who was given even an outside chance at victory, and the \$40,000 cheque that came as a result. The pressure must have been very intense.

It looked very bad when he failed to make the cut. It was not that he had played poorly, though he said that his swing "was terribly fast", but rather that his fellow pros had surprisingly ripped up the yielding Mississauga course during the first two rounds, whereas he was three over par after the halfway point in the tournament.

It was one of the low points in a career that had been steadily declining since 1972, during which he claimed his last victory on the Tour—the Kaiser International Open. During that year,



George Knudson appears satisfied with his tee shot during the Canadian Open at Mississauga Golf and Country Club last July. It was one of the few bright moments for him in the tournament.

Photo Credit: Mississauga Times

he accumulated \$74,366 in prize money, but declined by almost \$50,000 the following season to \$28,160 and to \$10,166 in 1974, which was some \$350,000 less than one Johnny Miller.

During those times he was plagued by two things: a constantly painful backache and an incessant presence of liquor. As Dan Proudfoot reports in the February edition of Maclean's magazine, "he doesn't like to talk about it much now, but people who followed the tour recall record numbers of Black Russians being poured. After a disaster like Vegas (a painful back spasm caused him to fall from a good lead to seventh place in the final round of the Sahara Invitational 1972), George would head to the bar, and then, later, to his room, call his wife, Shirley, and talk three hours or maybe more. There was plenty of talking and plenty of drinking."

But the drinking was rarely, if ever, reported. It was always the bad back or the fast swing or the over extended lay-offs which were given as excuses for seeing his name at the bottom of tournament listings, the place where CP lists "Canadians".

But now Knudson says that he has found a solution to the drinking and the bad back. Quoted by Maclean's, he admitted, "I used to use alcohol to advantage. I became an abusive drinker. The tide turned though. Now I've got nothing against anyone drinking, but I don't drink any more. It's part of going into the game with a stacked deck."

He wants to be a winner again, but to attain that status one must, as he says, go into the game with a stacked deck. Part of that deck includes the card "youth" which he may no longer have, being that he is 37 this year. Another card is endurance, which he seems to have dealt himself through exercise. This is proven by his recent schedule which has seen him at Pebble Beach in Northern California, in Hawaii, and at Palm Springs for the 90-hole Bob Hope Desert Classic within the last three weeks.

Consistency is also essential to the winning golfer. Knudson seems to be rediscovering the definition and the application of the word. For instance, he carded rounds of 69, 72, 69, 72 and 73 last week-end in Palm Springs to finish at five under par. True, it was not quite like shooting five straight 68's, but it was a vast improvement over the totals from the recent past, which often went something like: 69-71-78-74-292.

Knudson may not, and probably will not, emerge from his comeback as the most dangerous threat on the tour to the new reign of Johnny Miller or to the overall dominance of Jack Nicklaus, but he will be dedicating himself to the pursuit of victory. To George Knudson, that means making up two wasted years, and for that, he deserves our applause and our support.

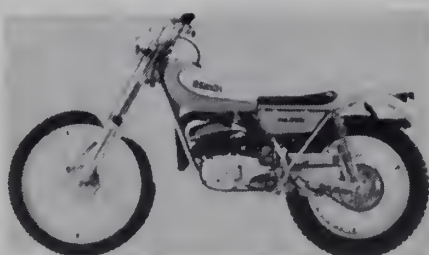
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